

INTERNET HATE MACHINE

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MAKE
OFFER

CAPTOR
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A SOLLUX CAPTOR FANZINE

iinternet hate machiine

a Sollux Captor fanzine

Thank you for checking out the collected works in this zine focusing on Sollux Captor- his life, his struggles, and his many different relationships. This collection is comprised of 33 full sized art pieces, 4 fanfictions with 5 half-page illustrative art pieces, and 4 musical pieces with accompanying track art. Many of the pieces are collaborations between creators either using the same or different mediums.

We encourage you to take your time going through this zine, as well as to check out each creator involved. Everyone worked very hard over the past 2 months. Additionally, while the zine is free for download, we have included two charities we would like to support should you have the means to donate to them. Donation is optional.

The Bee Conservancy

The Bee Conservancy is a nonprofit organization dedicated to protecting bees, safeguarding the environment, and securing food justice through education, research, habitat creation, and advocacy.

<https://thebeeconservancy.org/>

Project Girl Code

Project Girl Code is a non-profit organisation teaching digital literacy and IT training to girls and young women who are vulnerable to trafficking, slavery and forced marriage.

<https://www.projectgirlcode.org/>



iinternet hate machine // a Sollux Captor fanzine // October 20th 2020

twitter: @ihm_sollux_zine

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SOLUX CAPTOR AS HACKERMAN









Dual Moons

Artist and Musician
RAWMIRTH

Track Length

2:06

soundcloud: [kark8tty](#)

miigraine

Artist and Musician

gnos
(@gnostwt)

Track Length

4:31

soundcloud: [gnos](#)





DECONOIR · HARVEYDONT







when we come for you we'll be dressed up all in blue

Authors: tatterdemalionAmberite & titianArchivist

Content Notes: unreality, violence, canon-typical cybernetics, canon-typical servitude.

Summary: Sollux and the Psiioniic are Imperial assassins, but something isn't right about this assignment.

-- troublesomeAntediluvian [TA] began trolling
twinArmageddons [TA] --

TA: Don't look now, but we ju2t got the
2pecIIIfIIcatIIon2 for the new project.

TA: 2erIIou2ly, don't look untIIl tomorrow evenIIIng. You
2hould be re2tIIIng.

Something stretches in those words, in the lapse of
(seconds|microseconds) it takes for you to (type|mentally formulate) your
response and send it. You don't know why.

(You've been there with him -

(He's been there with you -

for sweeps now.)

He is her weapon -

and you are his weapon.

Well, you wanted to be once. But you became entangled after him, like he said you would; like he sorrows over, guilt and gratitude. Still, you think of yourself that way in your heart any time you send yourself in his place.

It is different for you. Easier. You never knew the Signless, never quite internalized some of the things he said -

It is not different for you, on some level. Killing opens wounds in you. But you haven't bled so much for so long, so you will still take this on for him while you can, will go in place of him every time that you can.

That is what your ancestor says of you, anyway, but you don't know that you believe him.

Both of you being... well... yourselves, your latest bunker is at once expertly concealed and half-assed in a way that achieves the same effect. It's a shipping container among millions in a bleak backwater spaceport, hazed in the blue light filtering in from the air vents, Imperial-grade cloaking tech jumbled together with a rat's nest of daisy-chained junkyard power sources for your cybernetics jumbled together with your gangly limbs and his in the tight space. You mostly talk through your implants even here, and sometimes you could swear you catch edges of resonance to his messages when you're alone like this, as if whole thoughts are reaching you, not just zeroes and ones written to your cortex -

Like: *Been a while since I've been back to Alternia,* the Psiionic says, and you don't think it's code that renders the wry, sideways wariness in those words, the unspoken concern for what you might have to do there.

Been a while since I've killed an Heiress, he doesn't say at all, and yet you hear it anyway.

It's been a while, too, since you (saved him | your mind seems to be whispering something to itself, just out of reach) | came to him. You wanted to save him; wanted to find a way out of this for both of you. But you're here, together, and alive, and that's

(a split-second flash of elation, a silent listening)

enough better than the alternatives that you will do what you must to preserve it.

ii can't 2ay a2 much, you tell him lightly.

The 2pecIIe2 on whIIch thII2 expediIIitIIon II2 focu2ed -

There's a wicked, devious politics in his words, you know it's *species* as plausible deniability for the theoretical hostile eavesdropper, but also a thing no one but a Tyrian would normally get away with saying about Tyrians, that the Condesce cannot stop him from saying, if she digs through the encryption you both accrue constantly like built-up layers of a pearl. *They are remarkably tenacIIou2. But they do fall.*

They do fall. There's a bitter slant to his words that makes you think, for a strange heady moment, of blood dripping down a girl's chin, though you can't think of where you've seen that sight, or why.

II shouldn't let you go thII2 time – his puzzled anger sends a pang of pity through you – *II wIIll*, his words come slowly, heavily, like a premonition, *But II 2houldn't.*

Fleetingly it occurs to you to wonder why he would be puzzled. You've both seen this mission coming for sweeps. The deaths of Heiresses are inevitable, countless, constant, like grains of sand washed away in the tide. You'll get the satisfaction of seeing a face like the Empress' in the moment of startled death, and history will flow on as it always does. Your thoughts are coming to you whole and lucid, as if from outside yourself, the way they sometimes do before a high stakes assignment like this. You're ready.

ii'll guard my2elf, you promise, and you pack light but stay up all day loading your latest security prototypes into your augments. You leave in early twilight, before he can stop you or say goodbye.

Alternia is inaccessible by design, far from the trade routes of the automated freighters where you're a frequent stowaway. Even the fleet stays away except in conscription season, and of course you've been charged to ensure the Heiress meets with an unfortunate accident long before then. You'll have to burn one of your stolen private pods and pilot it yourself.

As you arc through the green-blue haze, the part of your brain that isn't occupied with the strange joy of navigation calculations in atmosphere senses the familiar warm nearness that precedes a message from the Psiioniic – you knew he wasn't really asleep.

LIi2ten two your 2hIip, he says by way of farewell, *And mIInd the red2hIIft*.

You don't know what you were expecting, but it wasn't basic flying advice or a reminder about the laws of physics. You're sure he's just saying, as he has been for the last sweep in his roundabout way, that he has nothing left to teach you.

But something about the message makes you ache with missing him, as if cherished subtleties about him have already slipped from your memory in the scant hours since you left.

~~

At first you're good, too good. Alone in the desolate vault of one of the great homeworld starports used only for Ascension, you jack into the network and everything you need to find the Heiress falls effortlessly into your mind, encryption melting away under a grey blur of generic algorithms. None of the other trolls on the rail lines into the outskirts so much as look at you, their faces in your periphery as much a blank as you must be to them. You run through the plan in your head, the mazelike grove hiding the rebel enclave, the signs and countersigns – and here you're among them, in the trees –

You never planned your retreat, your way back into the vast doorless hangar where your one-troll pod is a lonely speck amid strange angles –

You won't need it, you realize, heavy with relief, as they're bringing you to her – and now you're slow, slow, your feet weighted in the spongy strange-colored grass, but ready –

~~

She's close, very close. She's

right next to you, alongside you,

(walking | sitting with her husktop, as you are with yours) - you turn your head -

and *feel* - the impulse of your hand rising to touch her pearl-gray cheek - and for a moment can't think why -

You convinced her you were her *moirail*, but - that must have taken *perigees at least* - no wonder her face feels *known*, wide-eyed, troubled - the pang of yearning to comfort -

There's a *bluish* cast of light here, not just on her face but in the air - wait, there *has* been, you remember now, as far back as the bunker -

Blue makes you think of *red* and then something cracks. You hear his voice saying *Mind the redshift*, feel the way he leans into the words. He wasn't talking about spaceflight.

Before you can pause to think about what he *did* mean you're doing it, a reflexive flare of self-rewiring, a small and distinct push of current in your brain -

~~

Your vision hazes *red* and you feel *amazing* and the room stretches, one half of it suddenly longer and wider than the other, and then you lose something, time, awareness - it doesn't matter, you're *still* back, your head pounding, your husktop askew. Did you -

There's a question there but it takes your brain a long clouded moment to reach words for it, wherein you think inanely, *I'm still at my husktop, I didn't go anywhere*, and that seems very important even before you manage to articulate *I didn't harm Feferi*.

You didn't go anywhere but your head is in her hands, and that's new. You look up at her, blinking.

Feferi's eyes glint a wide, vivid mauve with the red that fills the room, your hands pinkish, your husktop black-red – "You're awake! You weren't out long. I already called the medicfishians and hit the lock-out."

You automatically check your palmtop. It isn't responding - right, that lock-out. You're still a little hazy - but the last message still displays on the screen:

TA: Don't look now, but we ju2t got the
2pecIIIfIIcatIIon2 for the new project.

TA: 2erIIou2ly, don't look untiII tomorrow evenIIIng. You
2hould be re2tIIIng.

and you remember.

You are Sollux Captor.

You are descendant to the Psiioniic, Astris Captor; Engineer to Her Imperial Ferocity, the Reeformer, Feferi Peixes. Each of them shares a piece of your soul. You were almost a helmsman, once. You were *supposed* to spend tonight on a pale date, resting your hypercharged brain to be ready to work again on Project Ascent, to change the nature of helmservice forever. You have never been an assassin.

No, you *were* an assassin, once, unwillingly. It hits you like a pang of failure, deep memory under shallow.

You learned to do *this* to yourself because of that, to use your powers to force yourself into a manic state, despite the cost; even if it puts you at the mercy of your own thinkpan, at least it's *yours*.

You were an assassin once, unwillingly, and you could have become one again, if you hadn't kept your head and noticed the incongruities in the wild fantasy the intruder built in your head. Your lip aches, wet with blood where your fangs gouged it during the seizure.

You start to laugh, ragged, lost, relieved and scared out of your wits. Feferi holds you tightly.

You still feel invincible, but you've felt that way enough in your life to know that it's not quite true. "I almost - oh god, Feferi, they almost *had* me for a moment. There was this - you know how you can hear a sound in a dream and have entire stories spin from it? It was like that, they took the data from my senses and memories and created... different explanations of it. It was like listening to another timeline, this whole world where I was sent here to kill you. Not like being brute-forced, but something more insidious." You don't tell her that pieces of it came from a video game you were playing a few mornings ago - it's already embarrassing enough without that. "I saw the last message on my palmtop, and the story shifted, and nights and days spun out from it, and then I was looking up at you thinking about my assignment - Feferi, I'm a *liability*."

"What called you back?"

"The incongruities. Seeing you at pale distance and knowing that I had seen you before, more times than the intruder had in mind. And - I think Astris had something to do with it as well... He was woven into the narrative, but kept trying to hint at me. Emphasis on certain words..." You still aren't entirely sure what was up with that, whether it was in your head or coming from his actual mind.

"So they couldn't totally *override* your environment, or fins you knew," Feferi points out. "Because if they cod, they would have. You *haddock* the reef-flexes to stop them!"

You can tell she's still nervous under her triumphant excitement, but you think she's also right. "I don't think they were expecting me to be able to mount a resistance." You're lisping so thickly you hope it's not totally unintelligible.

"That's just finsulting! Those abshoalute – those –" Feferi is growling a near-inaudibly low, bone-shaking rumble and talking animatedly with her hands. "We knew this would happen, we prepared for it, but I wish they'd just go after me *honestly*."

You poke at your husktop; it isn't responding, your palmtop still frozen on the text. - "Right. The procedure."

Feferi decaptchalogues a stack of generic palace-issue tablets, grabs one and enters a code into the login screen; an authorization message in Astris' quirk pops up, and then a simple text interface. You've tested this before; it's not exactly elegant or streamlined, just a hurried patch for a very specific use case.

The thing about these problems is that they have to be unique and complex enough that you can't solve them by rote, but also solvable only by you, or a very short list of trolls including you. This one starts with a cipher square that's only partially filled in, and a set of hints; you can figure them out fairly easily, references to objects in your hive and the palace and private memories you share with your ancestor, and you copy down the completed square on the notepad, then set to decoding the message.

You're pretty sure you know what the message is going to be, once you have a handle on the cipher. Yep. It hangs together. "The answer is, one could solve the problem with time loop functions in ~ATH, or just give up and let the kittens have the T-shirt."

Feferi checks your answer against something on her husktop and laughs, brittle but genuine. "Nepeta's foster meowbeasts come to the rescue again! Although I'm still not sure Tempurrance has forgiven me for the time I accidentally left your hive with a kitten in my hair..."

She activates an authorization widget on her end, and your palmtop unlocks.

You remember responding to Astris, earlier; but that was in the dream. Instead, more new messages from him have appeared:

TA: What'2 wrong?

TA: 2ollux, 2omethIIIng feel2... 2trange. Are you all rIIght?

You type back:

TA: ii thiink ii am now. thank you, 2eriiou2ly.

After a long moment, your palmtop buzzes.

TA: II am not entIIrely 2ure what you are thankIIIng me for, but II caught a hIIInt of what wa2 happenIIIng, II thIIInk. IIIf my 2uppo2IIItIIon II2 correct, you're goIIIng two feel altogetheer two okay for a whIIle. Be careful.

You want to ask him if he's going to be safe without you for the hours you're gone.

It feels like a foolish question: you already asked it before you left, and the attack was on you, not him, but he did defend you - he kept you safe from inside your own mind.

You settle for:

TA: you're probably riight about that, but ii owe you one. maybe two.

You know what you're not saying, because you're reminding yourself that he knows, too: he can ask you to come home if he needs you, and you will if he asks.

But he answers,

TA: II'm glad you're wIIItH your moIIIraIIl.

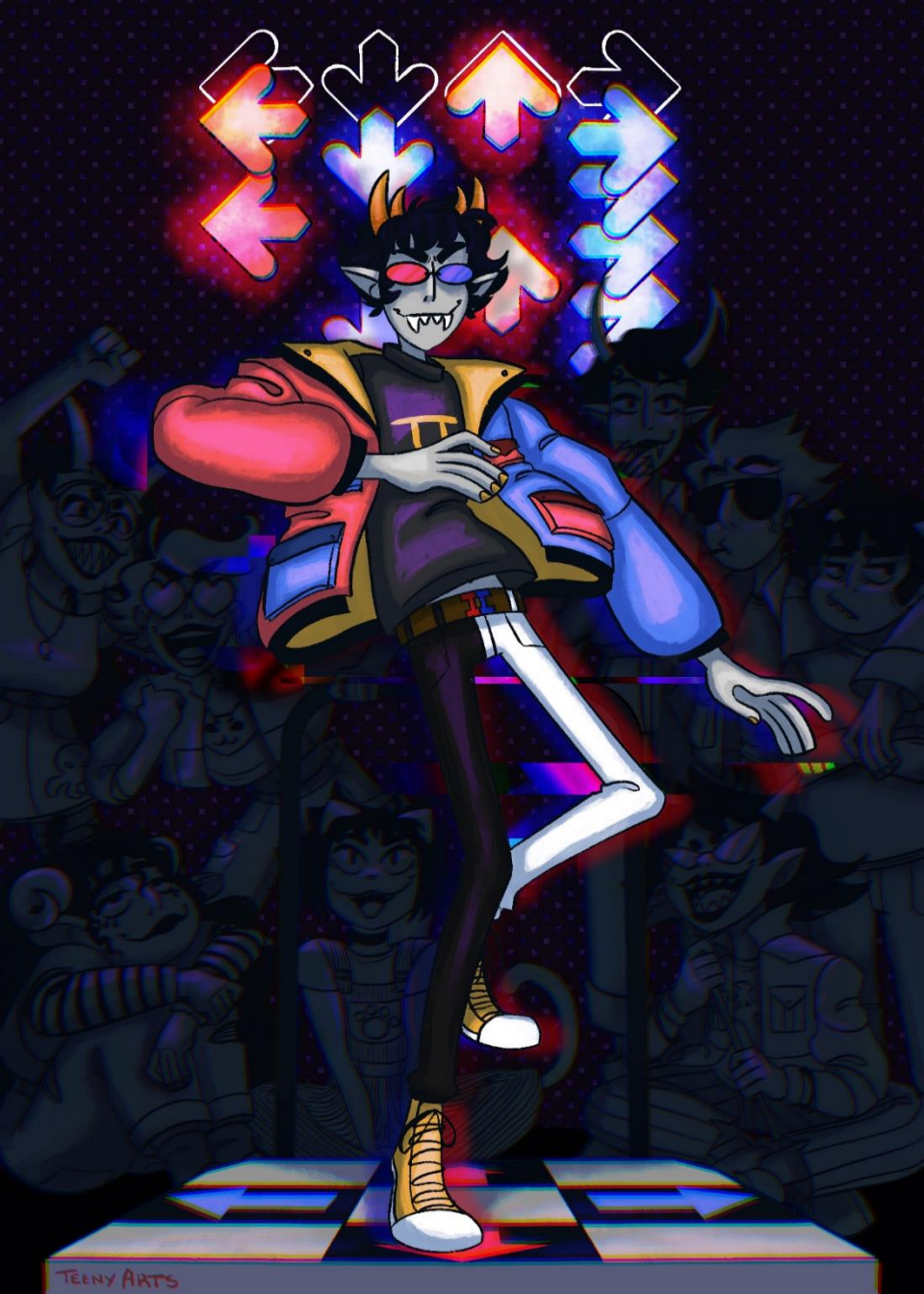


~~~~~

### Endnotes:

When trolls say 'God' as an exclamation, they mean a concept that incorporates the ideas of immanence and fate, and the motivating consciousness(es) of the universe; this concept is deprecated in their religious canons, but persists in culture.

For more stories in this continuity, visit  
<https://archiveofourown.org/users/amberite/series>





TA: karkat

TA: unban me from the  
minecraft 2erver

TA: KARKAT











# Adju2t

**Author:** @roundntalented (roundandtalented on AO3)

**Tags:** Earth C, Post-Game AU, Eridan/Karkat/Sollux, EriKarSol, Drabble, Epilogues & Homestuck^2 DNI

-----

You're still adjusting to life on Earth C, but so far you're roughly 98% certain you like it here. Sure, there's not the same game shop just down the road that you'd been going to since you were a wiggler, and city layouts are a little different due to the mashed together cultures of trolls and humans, but most other things are similar enough in theory.

Ramen exists and you can order doorsmash without much issue- so you're pretty comfortable.

The sun not frying you and turning you into a mindless shambling husk is a big positive, even if you prefer existing in the dark. It's nice to know you can leave the hive during the day. Sometimes even with other trolls you care about, which previously was limited to just Aradia on any kind of regular basis.

The whole 'leaving hive' thing has resulted in you being bullied into keeping better personal hygiene routines, which you are less sure is an overall positive... but hey, you'll shower if it means someone buys you tacos. You would probably do a lot of things for the food on Earth C, so that's another cool thing about the whole '*we won, sort of*' deal.

Sgrub or Sburp or whatever the fuck you want to call the game that destroyed you and your friends universes really scrambled anything and everything upon completion. You've not heard from some old friends. Some popped back into existence depending on their status as ghosts, sprites, and other game constructs.

And some people, like Karkat, actually managed to come out the other side of Sgrub not having died or lost half their soul.

Not a lot of it is consistent, pretty much everyone needs therapy, and you just know you're here and mostly in-tact. You don't want to poke around trying to find out *why* anything is the way it is.

You spent too long looking at the game's code during that shitstorm, the last thing you want to do now is try and figure out what game breaking flaw your insomnia fueled fingers accidentally added that granted you the gift of one of your partners.

Well, ok, some nights he's less of a gift and more of a curse, but that's just to be expected of Eridan Ampora.

He bickers with you in a different way than Karkat does, even as the three of you make your way hve from your weekly dinner date. It's this sort of fake-annoyed tone to his voice that really gets you. Like he's having fun being a pain in the ass. Karkat's bitching is different, more core to his personality than something he's actually bothered by.

They're different and the same all at once, and both of them drive you up the walls.

You wouldn't trade them for anything. Not after what all of you have been through.

The rumble from the sky as you walk distracts you from the heated debate of whether or not a hotdog is a sandwich, and all three of you turn to look up at the dark patch in the clouds above you. Troll eyes are still too sensitive for full sunny days to be ideal for walking, but you'd assumed the clouded over sky was safe enough since it wasn't forecasted to rain during your outing.

The rolling thunder you all heard implies the weather forecast may have been incorrect. You can *smell* the moisture in the air, and the quiet *plap-plap* of raindrops on the sidewalks means you don't have long before the sky opens up.



You're not far from the can shaped building you call a hive, and both of your boyfriends seem to have noticed this as well. You all exchange a weary, knowing look.

"Run for it!" Karkat instructs, and you're already going.

You spent so many sweeps of your life relying on your psionics to carry you and pick up your slack, that you're far from what any creature could call physically fit. Having burned yourself out in multiple different universes, the game decided to nerf you irl too.

The black and white colour scheme was always part of your look, but you miss the red and blue haze of your psionics almost as much as you miss the ability to fly through the fucking air instead of hacking and wheezing as you chase after your quadmates.

Karkat's not much better, absolutely doubled over at the door trying to dig in his pockets to find his keys while he gasps for air. Panic bubbles up in your chest as the rain catches up to you, and you pull off your jacket halfway as fast as you can.

You spread it wide like an umbrella, trying to shelter Karkat, who tucks under your armpit, and Eridan, who digging in his messenger bag like his life depends on it. Your legs and back are soaked, and when the cold trickle of rain creeps down your neck from your hair, you're dumbstruck.

...

It doesn't hurt.

...

You're not on Alternia- of course it doesn't hurt.

Earth C is just a copypasted version of OG Earth, where it mostly rained water instead of the acid rain you, Eridan and Karkat all grew up fearing. This planet isn't out to kill you at every turn, and there's no need to fear for your life every time you step outside.

"It's fucking water."



Art by @thermporia

You lower your jacket, letting the rain drench your hair. Karkat can keep hiding if he wants, but Eridan can suck it.

Your seadweller looks back, alarmed but keys in hand. Even *he* had been scared of acid rain, hearty seadweller that he is.

"What?" He seems confused more than frightened now, and you let go of the side of your jacket you'd been using to cover him, instead cupping that hand to let the rain collect in it.

"The rain. It's not acid on Earth. It's just fucking water." As he seems to clue in, you throw your little hand puddle his way and he squawks.

You just stand there a moment, all three of you getting wet, and marvel in the novelty of it all. Your palm husk is waterproof, but you kind of don't want to bother taking a picture- even if Eridan looks more like a drowned rat than a fish. You're too busy just smiling as rain drips off your nose.

Karkat tugs you down by the horn for a kiss and that clears your mind a little. You shouldn't be surprised that he wants to kiss in the rain, as if you're living some sappy human romance movie.

Eridan sees and rolls his eyes, shoving his keys in the door to your shared hive.

"Can't you two wait to do that inside?"

Hm. Well that just sounds like an invitation for hassling.

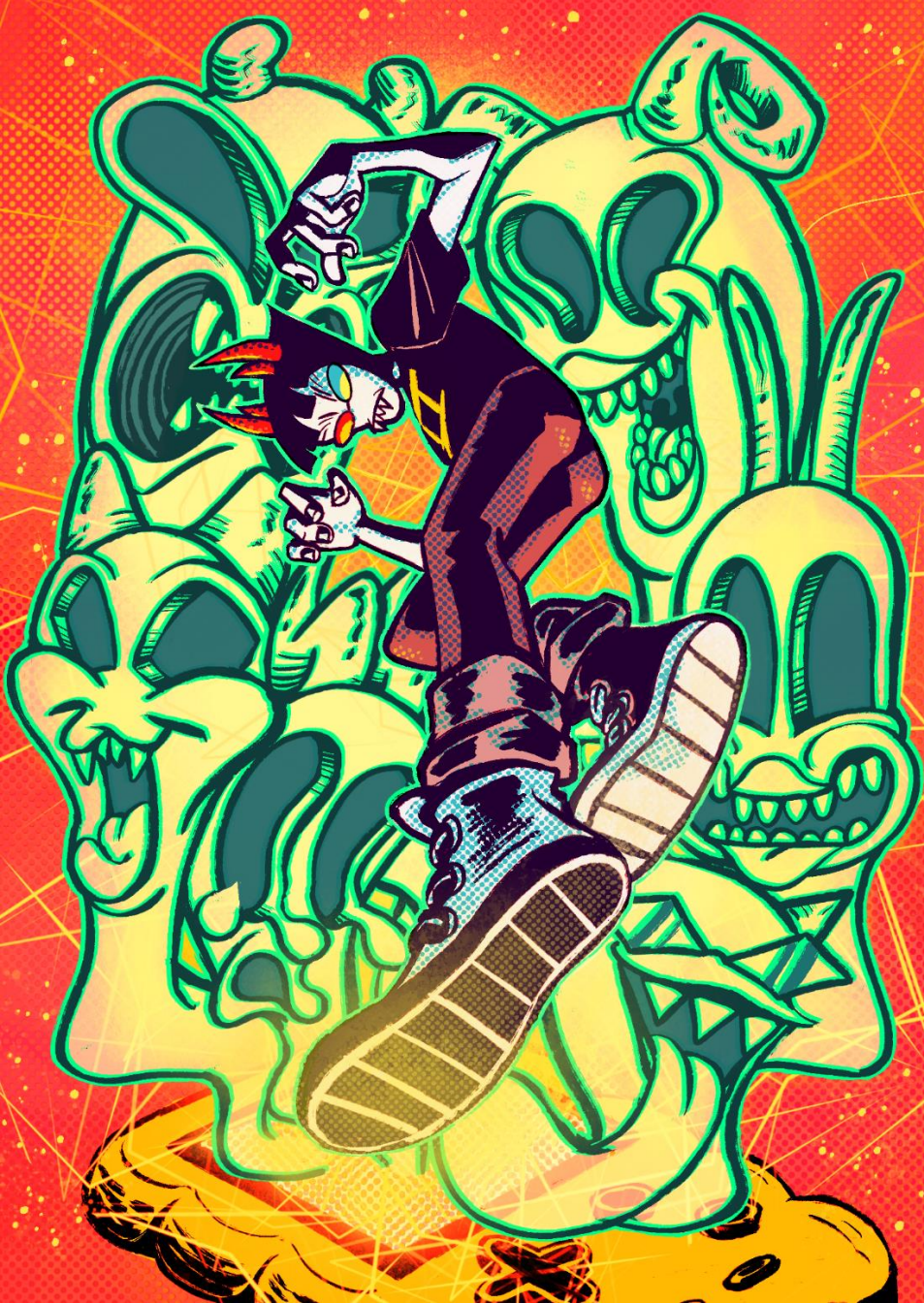
Before he can step through the doorway, you grab him by the strap of his bag and yank, effectively pulling him close enough that you can mash an aimless kiss against his cheek in the most obnoxious way possible.

"Bluh," Eridan swats at you, but the protest is weak and the second kiss you plant on him at least gets a fond laugh.

It's somehow more domestic to you than the three of you going out to dinner or arguing over who's turn it is to do dishes. Just you and your quads, standing in the rain, in awe of how it doesn't hurt. Not even a little.

You get this crazy second chance at somewhat normal life, living with trolls you care about, and all three of you can experience shit like *rain* in a totally new way. You and your two awful, wonderful quadmates get to adjust to life on a new planet, and it doesn't even hurt.

Rain was not what you expected to bump your Earth C Approval rating up that final 2%, but sure, you'll take it.

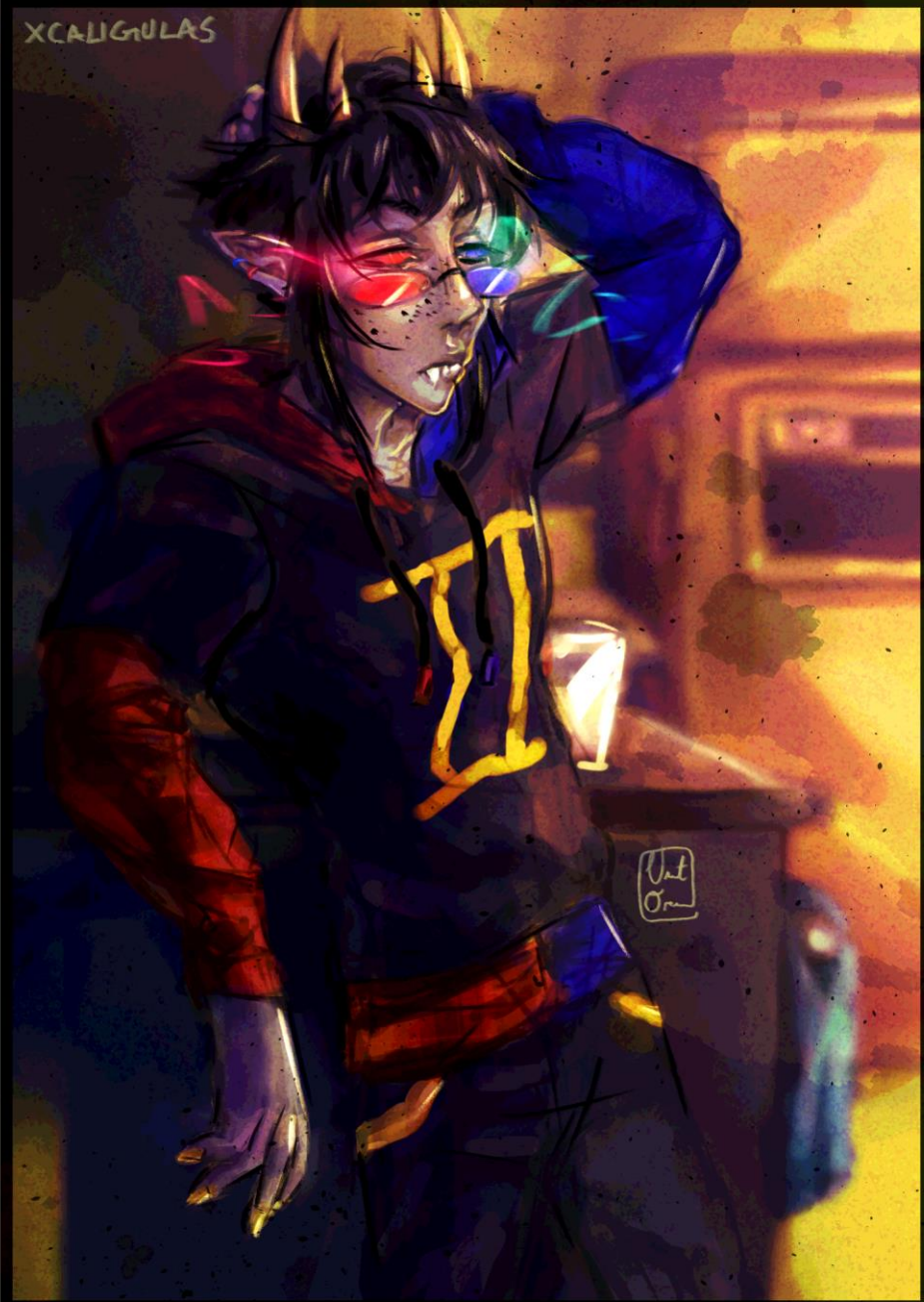


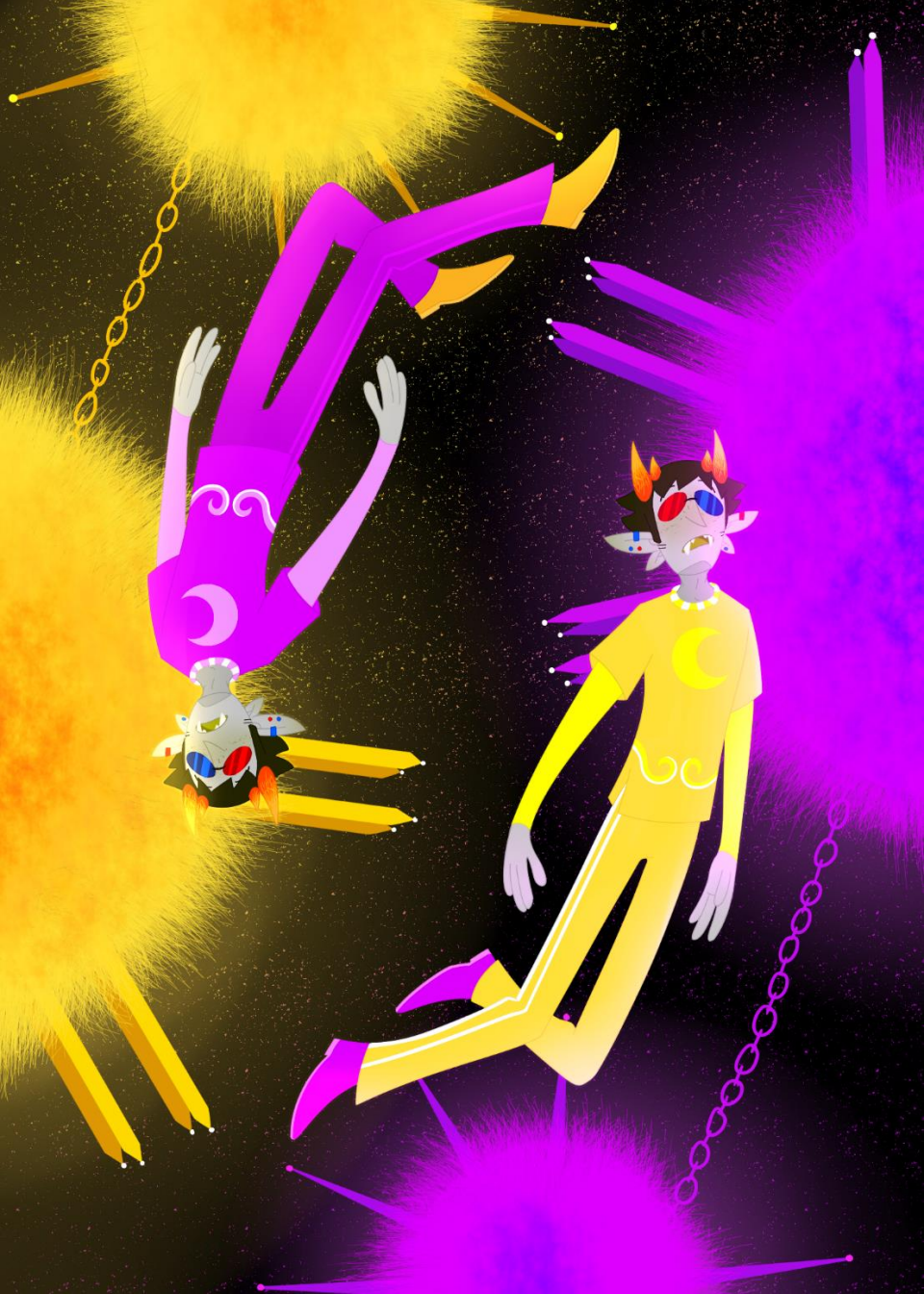






XCALIGULAS











# log level: verbo2e

**Author:** wwaporwwawve

**Warnings:** canon-typical strong language/insults, helmstrolls; mild implied violence

*The following logs were recovered from the remains of a galaxy-class Imperial starship.*

---

```
[612HIC-04DIM-12P 02:09:22] task [provisioning battery]
[612HIC-04DIM-12P 02:09:23] ok: [localhost] => {
  "msg": "Installing new helmsman to core 2"
}
[612HIC-04DIM-12P 02:14:23] task [helm sync]
[612HIC-04DIM-12P 02:09:23] ok: [localhost] => {
  "msg": "Synchronizing between helm 1 and helm 2"
}
[612HIC-04DIM-12P 02:55:31] play recap | helmsblock | ok=2 | changed=1
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:09:05] te2t
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:09:09] wow, how original^@^@te2ty mcte2t^@
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:09:13] waitt, doe2 thii2 not append^@protip you have
to^@wiith a newliine?^@turn on buffering^@
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:09:34] or we'll write over each other
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:09:35] because
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:09:36] the logger is
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:09:38] incredibly shitty
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:09:44] we're probably not supposed to have read-write on this
whole dir, either
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:09:52] but apparently, we both do
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:14:01] iin-fuckiing-crediible.
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:14:11] congratulations, by the way
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:14:26] on finding this
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:11:08] ii wa2 takiing a peek at what we have acce22 two.
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:11:12] 2eem2 liike jack.
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:11:15] and also shit
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:13:45] HiveframePressure: Ephemeral Storage. Warning:
attempted to reclaim 8369512 combs; freed up 0.
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:14:01] you can ignore that
```



[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:14:12] the system is supposed to rotate logs every bilunar perigee

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:14:24] but it's been failing periodically

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:14:34] and the failures are also in the logs

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:14:35] so

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:14:49] ehehehe, ii wa2 a22umiing nobody ever look2 at thii2 verbo2e 2hiit.

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:14:56] got it in one

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:14:58] or two

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:15:03] if that's what the cool wigglers are saying these nights

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:15:18] nah, ju2t me. becau2e iim a pretentiou2, pathetiic piiece of 2hiit who cant giive up hii2 feeble attempt to 2eem liike an iindiiviidual.

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:16:22] even when iim liiterally iin a helm2block, tru22ed up liike a thiird autumn2 equinoxfe2t gobbler. my di2ea2ed thiink2pan ii2 2iittiing here goiing, "at lea2t there2 TWO of u2!"

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:16:54] liike anyone ii2 ever goiing two recogniize the poetiic iinju2tiice.

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:17:21] kiind of 2eem2 poiintle22, iin the grand 2cheme of thiing2.

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:17:28] most things tend to be

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:17:33] and here ii thought ii wa2 depre22iing two lii2ten two, FUCK.

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:17:39] sorry

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:17:41] i'm not exactly used to company

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:17:44] i've never been put in parallel before

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:17:50] ii can 2ee why. ii peeped your 2pec2.

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:18:02] two be hone2t, iim 2urprii2ed they expect me two keep up wiith you.

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:18:15] heh heh heh to be honest, \*i\* can't keep up with me

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:18:26] we've been doing a lot of hard burns

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:18:30] getting to where my meathusk is dripping

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:18:45] last night's jump roasted me so bad my cheekflaps are probably sloughing off

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:19:17] wow, thank2 for that lovely mental iimage.

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:19:26] you're welcome heh heh heh

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:19:41] anyway, i'd been wondering how they were going to keep this pace up

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:19:55] can't exactly fly if you keep shorting out your battery

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:20:05] ii gue22 theyre goiing two load balance between us?

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:20:11] or fail over

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:20:13] one of us burns until our thinksponge dries out

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:20:19] ganderbulbs boil and burst like red nightshade fruit

[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:20:25] pissing and shitting as we shriek through space  
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:20:34] we jump 32,000 lightsweeps in one go and the last of  
my dried nook just falls the fuck off  
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:20:40] you can take over while they mop it up  
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:20:44] that2 dii2gu2tiing.  
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:20:56] thank you again  
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 14:21:02] have you tried my kernel poetry?  
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 21:38:18] /var/lib/hivelock  
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 21:38:18] dbus[311]: Activating service  
name='honeypot.hivelock.appt'  
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 21:38:19] HivelockDaemon | INFO | Initializing Daemon  
[612HIC-04DIM-13P 21:38:20] HivelockDaemon | INFO | UpdateCache() was called  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:19:04] 2o what actually ii2 there two do around here?  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:19:09] other than 2tare iintwo the pan2eariingly empty  
liight2weep2 of 2pace.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:19:15] look2 liike our network acce22 ii2 re2trriected. my  
account can't even get memeganda.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:19:23] yeah, that's a new thing  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:19:25] we used to at least have grubtube  
but She's got her water-wings in a twist about a heiress  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:19:28] doesn't want anybody vlogging in or out  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:20:11] i think i have all the episodes of 'gilmor grubs' in  
/var/tmp if you want them though  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:20:24] and i have a scintillating game of tic-tac-oh-no going  
with myself in /var/logs/bustr.txt  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:20:25] HiveframePressure: Ephemeral Storage. Warning:  
attempted to reclaim 8369512 combs; freed up 2125864.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:20:26] never mind, there it goes  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:22:03] 2o no game2, no out2iide communiiciation2. ii have two  
2ay, thii2 iinflight entertaiinment 2uck2.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:22:07] truly, we fly the unfriendly skies  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:22:18] you can always make faces at the day shift when they  
do maintenance  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:22:55] System: Warning, Helm1; Core temperature exceeds  
maximum threshold  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:22:59] System: Warning, Helm1; Output dropped below  
minimum  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:23:04] heh heh heh speaking of which  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:23:32] Helmsblock1 has gone into maintenance mode  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:28:58] play [temperature diagnostics]  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:28:59] task [identify batteries]  
ok: [helm1]  
ok: [helm2]

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:29:01] task [check coolant levels]  
Failed => { "msg": "variable current\_hlem is undefined" }  
Ignoring...

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:29:01] task [flush coolant]  
Failed => { "msg": "variable current\_hlem is undefined" }  
Ignoring...

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:29:01] task [equalize coolant pressure]  
Failed => { "msg": "variable current\_hlem is undefined" }  
Ignoring...

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:29:02] play recap | temperature diagnostics | ok=2 | changed=0  
| unreachable=0 | failed=0

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:29:06] ehehehe, wow. ii2 Someone going two tell thii2 guy hii2  
2crript2 failliiing becau2e hes got a typo?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:29:10] al2o, why ii2nt iit catchiing the failiure2?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:34:18] al2o, he left hii2 2ecuriity miite attached.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:40:44] al2o, oh my god, thii2 ii2 2o 2tupiid, FUCK.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 15:43:36] ...you there?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:30:10] Helmsblock1 is online

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:30:15] sorry, we're locked out of everything when we're in  
maintenance

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:30:21] what'd i miss?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:30:52] me 2heddiing the tattered remaiin2 of my 2aniity gaziing  
iintwo thii2 2crubby 2ource.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:31:02] aka: ii fiigured out why that mechaniiic2 2crript diidnt  
work.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:31:08] oh?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:31:11] ii don't thiink dumba22 mcfuckhorn2 know2 how two  
catch failiure2 and keep going.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:31:20] he ju2t turned on 'iignore error2' liike that2 not going  
two biite hiim iin the 2piinal creviice.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:31:29] yeah, that sounds like the day shift

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:31:37] instructions unclear: bulge got caught in overhead  
whirling blade device

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:31:44]  
> task\_name: check coolant levels  
> - target: {{ current\_hlem }}  
> - ignore\_errors: true

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:31:49] he typod that variiable and copypa2tad iit intwo every  
other ta2k wiithout notiiciing. which mean2 he2 al2o not wriitiing any goddamn te2t2.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:31:53] real 2eedflap fondliing hour2 out here, damn.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:32:04] you going to tell him?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:32:07] ehehehe, ab2olutely not. my job 2uck2, why 2hould hi2 be better?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 16:32:19] heh heh heh, i think i like you

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:12:00] We MOWED SOME FUCKIN LAWRING

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:12:10] what.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:12:26] oh, welcome to even days

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:12:33] do ii want two know?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:12:45] engh, some wader was trying to learn to code because of course "lowblood work" is \*so\* easy

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:12:51] they jumped right into the deep end with genetic algorithms, got lost on the first demo, and now their zombie script shambles on forever, eternally searching for the best route to use when mowing a  $16\pi$  lawnring.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:13:08] goddamn iit. ii2 anyone on thii2 2hiip competent?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:13:13] oh fuck no

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:13:17] but they get culled if they can't fake it

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:13:25] so they're competent at acting like they're competent  
heh heh heh

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:13:34] yeah, that 2ound2 liike half my friiend2 back on alterniia.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:13:46] iif you knew  $1x2^{-1}$  of the ciircu2-riing 2henanliigan2 ii've 2een, your horn2 would fall off.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:13:52] liike, my dumba22 kii2me2ii2 acciidentally 2tarted a cult?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:00] no shit?? mine too.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:04] it didn't end well.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:12] ii don't thiink thii2 ii2 goiing two eiither.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:19] 2ome weiird fuck2 got ob2e22ed wiith hiim, 2ayiing he wa2 the "2econd comiing" of 2ome other fuck.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:22] "coming" heh heh heh

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:28] ehehehe yeah. they pii22 hiim off, but everythiing pii22e2 hiim off, 2o ii gue22 that'2 okay.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:31] then all the2e other friiend2 got iintwo iit, which ii2 a whole 2eparate clownbuggy fiia2co.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:36] except maybe TZ, ii thiink 2he got conned iintwo 2pace piiirate 2hiit?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:40] anyway ii 2aiid iit at all 2ounded liike a huge pain in the a22; plu2, ii knew ii wa2 doomed two get 2tuck here.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:49] some of us are just hatched doomed

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:53] fiinally, 2omeone get2 iit!

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:14:58] ii mean, we're all doomed, but e2peciially me.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:15:03] ii wa2nt about two get iinvolved wiith that me22 when ii knew drone2 were fated two fiind me.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:15:06] FF got kiind of pii22ed, but iit'2 liike...



[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:15:08] iin order for her to 2ucceed at her 2tuff, ii have two be here,

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:15:13] flounciing along wiith the biig beach iin2tead. liike one of tho2e glurgy 2torii2 where the hero 2ell2 theiir party cannon two buy theiir flu2h cru2h a horn riing, only two fiind out 2aiid mate2priit broke theiir horn iin mu2cular theatre tryiing two wiin money two buy confettii shrapnel.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:15:29] okay that took a left turn iintwo no-one-care2-ville, but my poiint ii2, thii2 ii2 what thii2 uniiver2e require2.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:15:33] from what ii can tell from my vii2iion2, at lea2t.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:15:45] ffffff visions

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:15:53] 2crew you, thii2 2hiit ii2 more real than kraft grub2auce. whiich two be hone2t ii2 2o proce22ed iit2 kiind of radiioactiive orange? the bar ii2 ba2iically on the floor wiith that one.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:16:04] hey, put your horns away, i'm just paying respects

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:16:09] in case you haven't noticed, i'm also psychic as shit i get the 'visions' thing

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:16:11] in fact, let me do a reading, oooOOOOooo

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:16:16] i predict you used to see death and despair and destruction coming and you would try to warn trolls, only nobody listened

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:16:22] they just kept marching forward like knucklesponged idiots, and what a surprise, they fell off a cliff

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:16:29] 1) that2 not how prediictiion2 work, you cant 'predict' 2hiit that already happened.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:16:34] 2) fuck you for beiing ba2iically fuckiing riight.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:16:39] takes one to know one

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:16:43] that's why i decided i was giving it up

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:16:45] what's the point of knowing the future if it sucks?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:16:52] oh ye2, of cour2e, ii never thought of that!! 2o 2iilly of me for not reachiing iintwo my defectiive mutant 2ponge and fliippiing the conveniiently labeled 2witch that 2ay2 'turn off the 2hriek2 of the 2oon-two-be-damned'.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:17:06] that wa2 '2arca2m' iin ca2e you are unacquaiinted wiith the art.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:17:12] oh, i am long past acquaintance

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:17:18] sarcasm and i transcend all the quadrants

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:17:24] in fact we may have spawned a grub and its name is snide, self-deprecating comments

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:17:29] which is exactly what that was, instead of 'personal attack, esquire'

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:17:31] ...2orry. ii gue22 ii diid kiind of jump two conclu2iion2.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:17:37] liike the conclu2iion2 are the platform2 iin a tiimed level, and there2 lava rii2iing at the bottom of the 2creen.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:17:45] the player 2tart2 jumpiing liike an unhiinged fairybullfrog, wa2tiing all their powerup2 and eventually falliing down a piit.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:17:50] 2o iim 2orry, that wa2 my bad.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:17:55] heh it's all good

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:18:01] by which i mean, we're still living engines chained to a gigantic hunk of metal with so many restrictacles up our crevices we might as well be punche and joodee

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:18:12] but i'm not mad, if that's something you care about

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 18:18:32] iit ii2, ii thiink. thanks.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 00:09:04] HiveframePressure: Ephemeral Storage. Warning: attempted to reclaim 6243648 combs; freed up 0.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:06:05] okay, new important topic: what do you miss most about independent motor function

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:06:12] burriito2. defiiniitely burriito2.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:06:14] dang, i was going to say 'my middle finger' but now i wanna change my answer

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:06:17] ehehehe, now ii want two change MY an2wer.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:06:22] clearly we 2hould 2wap, accomplii2hiing a 2um total of nothiing, liike every other endeavour iin my hiighly cur2ed exii2tence.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:06:28] aw, is it your turn to wear the 'depression' panlid

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:06:32] bold of you two a22ume ii ever took iit off.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:06:36] System: Warning, Helm1; Arrhythmic pusherbeat detected

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:06:36] System: Warning, Helm1; Output dropped below minimum

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:06:40] dang it

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:06:42] brb

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:07:00] Helmsblock1 has gone into maintenance mode

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:51:18] Helmsblock1 online

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:51:23] okay, back

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:52:10] 2o pro: whiile you were gone, ii diid fiigure out that we can 2tiill get 2ome grubtube.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:52:13] what!!!!

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:52:17] con: iit2 through that 2hiitty "grubtube for pupa" app.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:52:19] damn it, don't do this to me

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:52:22] my shriveled pusher can only take so much disappointment

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:52:25] like four disappointment, maybe five disappointment

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:52:28] i didn't even know they made internet for wigglers

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:52:33] what do they have to vlog about

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:52:35] sucking on their own raster?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:53:46] yeah mo2t of the channel2 are fairrybull2hiit.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:53:51] they only make the2e viid2 2o lu2u2e2 can park theiir carpet2lug2 iin one place and dii2tract them wiith procedurally generated liight2.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:54:07] iim watchiing thii2 thing now where the2e 2tiilted cg trunkbea2t2 rii2e up out of the floor and march 2oule22ly over the deck of a 2hiip. when they get two the end a dii2embodiied voice 2ay2 what color they are and then they melt iintwo a bottomle22 piit.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:54:08] what the fuck

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:54:16] there2 another one where they take cartoon2 of variiou2 celeb2 and programatiicly cut off theiir fiin2.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:54:19] sounds like some clown shit

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:55:29] nah, iit2 all about the autoplay ad2. nobody care2 iif you're actually watchiing the viid2.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:55:40] for every 2iixteenth trunkbea2t puddle ii get a thiirty 2econd 2hot of memeganda.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:55:43] and this is a desirable outcome??

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:55:46] i didn't think it was time for this talk yet but have you also considered 1) contemplating the infinite void constantly surrounding us 2) staring at the memory usage to guess when the garbage collector runs

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:57:18] 2crew you, iim tryiing two actually 2ee what2 goiing on iin the uniiver2e.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:57:23] 2tep one, fiind 2ome 2hitty meme2 about poliitiic2.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:57:26] 2tep two, a22ume the oppo2iite.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 01:58:00] fine, i'll bite

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:03:04] wow okay you were NOT kidding about these vids

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:03:13] i just got 'learn bloodcolors numbers )(IC grubbirthing special"

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:06:46] heh heh heh also my memeganda says the challenging heiress is in league with lowblood terrorists

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:06:53] or maybe a lowblood worshipping cult

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:07:12] if she wins, she's going to make highbloods \*share their stuff\*

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:07:13] the horror

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:07:14] lmao

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:08:59] ...okay, that one ii2 actually true.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:09:10] seriously?? 'out to cull culling'????

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:09:13] smh in what universe

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:09:25] ii knew FF, back on planet.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:09:27] 2he mean2 well.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:09:33] waders never mean well

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:09:35] fuck off, 2he wa2 liike 1/2 my mate2priit.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:09:40] how can you be 1/2 of a matesprit

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:09:46] i say, as the ghost of my kismesis yells some shit about 'love' and 'compassion' and 'having two prongs, fuckpod'

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:09:49] you 2ee dead troll2?

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:09:53] not actually, it was a dumb joke because i am dumb

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:09:58] yapping about trolls you will never meet in your life  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:10:02] because they're dead  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:10:10] my other 1/2 mate2priit doe2 2ee dead troll2, that2 why ii a2ked.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:10:15] al2o two vaguely an2wer your que2tiion.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:10:22] heh heh, two of everything, got it  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:10:25] really going for that 'it's complicated' on farcebook  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:10:33] iit2 not that compliicated, iim ju2t probably an iidiiot.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:10:37] youre not wrong that iit2 not exactly a great liife 2trategy  
two get all up in hiighlood bu2iine22.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:10:41] but ii thiink FF doe2 legitiimatively care about iimproviing 2ociiety 2omewhat.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:10:48] 2he2 got a lot of 2upporter2. my kii2me2ii2 wa2 even gettiing hii2 dumb cult iintwo iit.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:10:55] i guess that explains why the big beach has Her bulge in a knot.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:02] She's usually pretty cavalier about sporking heiresses  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:04] this time everything is Serious Business  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:10] we turned this whole flagship around so She can go fight right now immediately  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:19] well 2he2 goiing two lo2e.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:24] HIIIC, ii mean. iive 2een her diie.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:28] down2iide, ii thiink we all do. everyone on thii2 2hiip.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:33] ...good.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:36] wow, okay. ju2t goiing two cede my 'depre22iing' crown, becau2e you ju2t made your2elf empre22 for all tiime.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:40] heh heh heh, thanks  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:43] i'm here all night  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:44] as are you  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:46] don't forget: we're here forever!  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 02:11:52] oh, for fuck2 2ake.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 04:54:52] HiveFrame: [ 1025.211436 ] perf: interrupt took too long (1111 > 787), lowering kernel.perf\_even\_max\_sample\_rate to 16384  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 04:54:52] System, Info: apiculture.controller; redistributing load from helm1  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 05:00:02]  
| - | - | - |  
| - | - | - |  
| - | - | Ψ |  
?  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 05:00:05] no.  
[612HIC-04DIM-14P 05:00:06] aw

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 05:00:06] HiveFrame: FailedAttachComb: multiattach error; Hex 72 is already mounted.

[612HIC-04DIM-14P 11:59:13] ii diid 2tart a 2okoban over in /var/logs/tnototf.bak iif you want liike. a real game.

[612HIC-04DIM-15P 12:00:21] cool

[612HIC-04DIM-15P 12:00:32] comma2 are boulder2, ^ are the piit2.

[612HIC-04DIM-15P 12:00:38] we can take turn2 2ettiing up the map2.

[612HIC-04DIM-15P 12:00:41] double cool

[612HIC-04DIM-16P 18:12:00] We /MOWED SOME FUCKIN LAWNRING

[612HIC-04DRK-01P 10:08:00] update: for the 1024th tiime, LEVIITATIING OVER THE BOULDER2 I!2 CHEATIING!!

[612HIC-04DRK-01P 10:08:14] heh heh heh

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 12:18:06] System: Warning, Helm1; Anguish fluid low

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 12:19:00] Helmsblock1 has gone into maintenance mode

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 12:59:27] Helmsblock1 online

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:01:36] System: Warning, Helm1; Bileduct production exceeds expected threshold

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:02:00] Helmsblock1 has gone into maintenance mode

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:27:32] Helmsblock1 online

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:27:50] really 2eem2 liike you go down a lot.

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:28:21] all part of the joy of being me

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:28:28] wait until you're however-the-fuck-many-sweeps i am

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:28:32] then you can have all your parts held together by quackbeast tape

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:28:34] what2 maiintenance even liike?

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:28:37] hyperventilate and find out

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:28:38] the fuck?

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:28:44] if you breathe really fast, it sets off one of the blood ox alerts

the new day shift guy hasn't learned to ignore that yet

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:28:51] oh rly

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:39:47] System: Warning, Helm2; Blood alkalinity above safe levels

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:40:00] Helmsblock2 has gone into maintenance mode

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:50:19] Helmsblock2 is online

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:50:24] wow, that wa2 2ome truly iin2piired trouble2hooting.

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:50:24] he ba2iically rebooted me once and called iit good.

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:51:03] the fleet's best and brightest

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:51:11] ii gue22 that2 what you get when you hiire ba2ed on pretty blood piigment2.

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:51:12] yeah

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:51:15] he'll eventually grow out of hopping when we say fairybullfrog



[612HIC-04DRK-02P 14:51:42] ehehehe, the real que2tion ii2, wiill he ever grow out of that 2hiitty mullet?

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 18:12:00] **We /MOWED SOME FUCKIN LAWNRING**

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 00:03:05] new liife hack: ii fiigured out we can fuck up her iin2ufferablene22'2 partiie2 wiith our 2ervice account2.

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 00:03:09] !!

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 00:03:14] 2he2 got thii2 dj app that queue2 reque2t2 from your palmhu2k2.

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 00:03:18] found iit when pokiing around 2ome other log2 fiile2. 2he run2 iit con2tantly at her priivate pool.

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 00:03:25] look2 liike iit2 apii ii2 wiide open. gue22 they a22umed iit would be ea2iier two u2e wiithout hardcore 2ecuriity. anyone who ha2 the 'party' code can add 2tuff two the playlii2t.

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 00:03:30] gue22 what code al2o get2 2pammed iintwo the app'2 'failled reque2t2' log.

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 00:03:39] heh heh so what i'm hearing is, it's time to send like six versions of "what has transpired recently, meowbeast?"

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 00:03:42] ehehe, iim not a complete mon2ter.

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 00:03:47] throw iin at lea2t one "iit2 not more than one 2tandard deviatiion from the curve".

[612HIC-04DRK-02P 05:27:38] HivelockDaemon | INFO | UpdateCache() was called

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:43:07] addiitiional fun update: would you gue22 which helm2mechaniic2 plug2 their per2onal palmhu2k diirectly iintwo the admiin hiiveframe two charge iit?

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:43:09] 2poiiler2, iit2 not even a que2tion.

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:43:12] dumbass mcdaysshift, we meet again

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:43:16] he u2ed a data tendriil, you can totally peep hii2 per2onal fiile2.

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:43:18] he ha2 2ome truly extraordinary 2hellfiie2.

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:43:22] how did you get so good at this, anyway?

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:43:26] i thought i had moves, but you run the proverbial smears spinner right over me

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:44:01] ehehe, all my wriiggliing day2 2quandered wiith bootleg game grub2.

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:44:03] lucky

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:44:07] i had a husktop for a while, originally

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:44:12] until my kismesis started pissing off the powers that be we had to start hiding out and ~camping~

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:44:13] ew.

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:44:15] why do you think he was my kismesis?

[612HIC-04DRK-03P 13:44:15] **System: Error, CronJobErrorHandler; import failed on file coolantFlush.so**

[612HIC-04DRK-04P 18:12:00] **We /MOWED SOME FUCKIN LAWNRING**



Art by @teenyarts on Twitter

[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:17:08] hey you know ii wa2 2ettiing up a leaderboard for our game2 and ii realized: ii never actually a2ked your name.  
[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:17:14] that's okay, i don't actually remember it  
[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:17:20] wow, again wiith that thiing where anything ii 2ay, you iimmediately make iit two biillion tiime2 more depre2iing.  
[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:17:23] always here to defend my crown  
[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:17:26] as for my title, they call me...the Ψonic  
[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:18:00] are you 2hiittiing me. "the p2iioniiic".  
[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:18:03] that2 liike namiing your meowbea2t "meower".

[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:18:21] heh heh heh why do you think i told you sad shit instead

[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:18:25] plea2e iimagiine the appropriiate giif here: a tealblood lookiing iintwo a 2ack labeled 'dead lu2u2' 2ayiing: ii dont know what ii expected.

[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:18:31] what, are you saying you're that high-falutin' type who actually has a meathusk identity

[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:18:34] iit'2 '2ollux', you riidiiculou2 creakiing bone bulge.

[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:18:36] all right, ~sollux~

[612HIC-04DRK-09P 21:18:44] prepare to get your horns handed to you at a righteous game of checkers

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 18:12:00] **We MOWED SOME FUCKIN LAWNRING**

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 19:30:52] HiveFrame: FailedAttachComb: multiattach error; Hex 96 is already mounted.

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:18:45] System: Warning, Aft1 Shield; proximity

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:19:30] System: Alert, Aft1 Shield: impact detected

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:19:36] System: Warning, Fore1 Shield; proximity

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:20:21] System: Alert, Fore1 Shield: impact detected

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:20:33] what the bulge boiiling FUCK!

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:20:34] we got hit!

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:20:35] by what!?

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:20:37] some kind of projectile, look at the weapons graph

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:20:39] they're warming up the big guns.

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:21:14] BatteryPressure: RearCannon. Requested 70% of available battery resources; allocated 60.

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:21:34] System: Warning, Fore1 Shield; proximity

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:21:34] System: Warning, Aft1 Shield; proximity

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:21:35] System: Warning, Fore2 Shield; proximity

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:22:35] System: Warning, Aft2 Shield; proximity

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:21:19] System: Alert, Fore1 Shield: impact detected

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:21:21] System: Alert, Aft1 Shield: impact detected

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:21:23] System: Alert, Fore2 Shield: impact detected

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:21:26] System: Alert, Aft2 Shield: impact detected

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:25:59] BatteryPressure: Thrust. Requested 100% of available battery resources; allocated 40.

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:26:03] can you tell what we're 2hooitiing at??

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:26:05] assuming your gillfrond

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:26:06] fuck

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:26:07] tbh more like she's shooting at us

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:26:25] System: Warning, Aft1 Shield; proximity

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:27:05] **SYSTEM: CRITICAL, AFT1 SHIELD: SHIELD BREACHED**

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:29:39] BatteryPressure: WarpCore. Requested 110% of total battery resources; ADMIN OVERRIDE; performance degraded.

[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:29:45] holy shit, we're going to run  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:29:46] She never runs  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:29:47] heh heh heh  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:31:03] System: Warning, Helm2; Core temperature exceeds maximum threshold  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:31:03] System: Warning, Helm2; Arrhythmic pusherbeat detected  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:31:05] fuckfuckfuck  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:31:06] i cant hold it  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:31:07] it's okay  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:31:07] i got you  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:31:08] System, Info: apiculture.controller; redistributing load from helm2  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:31:59] System: Warning, Helm1; Arrhythmic pusherbeat detected  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:31:59] System: Warning, Helm1; Output exceeds maximum safe level  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:31:59] System: Warning, Helm1; Core temperature exceeds maximum threshold  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:32:12] System: Alert, Helm1: Fibrillation detected  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:32:13] no, wait!!  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:32:14] it's okay  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:32:15] i was expecting this  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:32:16] i'll s^@^@^@  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:32:16] hello??  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:32:30] SYSTEM: CRITICAL, HELM1; PUSHERBEAT \*\*NOT\*\* DETECTED  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 01:33:00] Helmsblock1 has gone offline  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 03:40:24] System: Info, Aft1: Repair drones deployed  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 04:00:00] System: Info, Aft1: Patching; Hull integrity 5%  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 06:00:00] System: Info, Aft1: Patching; Hull integrity 35%  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 08:00:00] System: Info, Aft1: Patching; Hull integrity 65%  
[612HIC-04DRK-10P 10:00:00] System: Info, Aft1: Patching; Hull integrity 100%  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:45:29] Helmsblock1 online  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:45:29] welp, that sucked  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:45:41] you're alive!!  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:45:42] unfortunately  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:45:44] ii...ii thought you were DEAD.  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:45:46] as the memeganda says: alas, he persisted  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:45:49] you dont fuckiing under2tand.  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:45:52] iive had vii2iion2 about you dying.  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:45:56] ii heard you telling me 'you got thii2', ju2t before iit happen2. iit wa2 that exact conver2atiion. but you came BACK.

[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:46:07] nobody ever come2 back.  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:48:55] it's because She isn't willing to let me go  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:49:10] She has this power  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:49:28] She can come touch you, and it's like everything in the world...  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:49:31] it doesn't get \*better\*  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:49:35] but it gets clearer  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:49:42] my meathusk stops leaking  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:49:56] i don't feel tired anymore  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:02] i stop needing maintenance  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:04] that'2 fucked up.  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:05] you're telling me  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:07] i don't have the exact timestamps  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:13] but i'm pretty sure She's brought me back at least six different times  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:16] ...okay, 2o what ii'm hearing ii2, we're 2crewed.  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:19] pretty much  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:22] She won't let us die  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:27] well, maybe She'd let you  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:29] definitely not me  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:30] what? why?  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:33] She thinks i'm her kismesis  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:44] 2hiit, ii dont know what two 2ay.  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:50:48] 'that's rough, buddy' would be appreciated  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:51:31] no i mean  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:51:42] about any of this  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:51:55] in my visions, ive seen everyone in this \*ship\* die  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:03] all the waders go out in a blaze  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:11] even the sea witch is supposed to get punked  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:15] so you went offline and i thought, at least its over  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:17] but then you came back  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:18] and shes not dead  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:19] and we didnt get shot down or anything  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:20] i dont know what any of it means  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:21] i don't know either  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:21] is feferi even going to be okay  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:22] what about karkat  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:23] they were supposed to be SAFE  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:24] okay, take a deep breath there  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:24] what did i even do this for  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:25] set your thinky thread to sleep() and chill out for a second  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:27] if nothing else, you writing normal is creepy



[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:28] sorry  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:30] listen, this whole doom thing  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:41] i can't pretend i understand it either  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:52:53] i can talk a big talk about how everything is awful,  
nobody listens, abloo bloo but you know what  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:53:00] my kismesis saw all kinds of things too  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:53:22] beautiful futures where everyone gets along, waders  
and downcastes living together  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:53:34] maybe that's what your matesprit is bringing, i don't  
know  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:53:48] i know it was nice enough that i followed him anyway,  
even though he was supposed to be doomed  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:53:51] and for a while? everything was really good  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:53:59] maybe i could have fought harder for that  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:54:04] maybe we should stop doing things because we think  
we're 'screwed' into them  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:54:11] maybe it matters what choices we pick  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:54:16] no fate but what we make  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:54:18] yeah.  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:54:19] yeah, maybe you're riight, thank2.  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:54:49] ...though, did you 2eriiou2ly ju2t quote 2arrah connor at  
me?  
[612HIC-04DRK-11P 12:55:23] heh before it got banned "in which a young lowblood  
receives a drone lusus which was secretly sent back in time by their future self to  
protect said younger self, who is being hunted by another drone also from the future"  
was a classic  
[612HIC-04DRK-12P 18:12:00] We MOWED SOME FUCKIN LAWNRING  
[612HIC-04DRK-13P 01:56:56] HiveframePressure: Ephemeral Storage. Warning:  
attempted to reclaim 6243648 combs; freed up 2456890.  
[612HIC-04DRK-14P 18:12:00] We MOWED SOME FUCKIN LAWNRING  
[612HIC-05DIM-02P 18:12:00] We MOWED SOME FUCKIN LAWNRING  
[612HIC-05DIM-04P 18:12:00] We MOWED SOME FUCKIN LAWNRING  
[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:27:20] 2o ii've been thiinking.  
[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:27:29] that's a dangerous game  
[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:27:34] ii thiink ii know how we could get out of here.  
[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:27:36] i'm listening  
[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:27:41] 2o thii2 flag2hiip ii2 runniing overmiind O2 4.1.3.  
[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:27:44] iif ii remember riight, there'2 a vulnerabiiliity that the  
communiity found in 4.1.9 that wa2 acciidentally backported iintwo 4.1.3. a2 a re2ult,  
lot2 of mechaniic2 may have mii22ed iit.  
[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:27:46] interesting. what's the play?  
[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:27:48] well, there'2 thii2 2y2tem utiliity you can u2e two do  
ta2ks on a 2peciifiic 2chedule. iit run2 everything wiith 2y2tem over2earer permii2iion2.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:27:53] we can't edit the 2cheduled ta2k2 directly, but thii2 bug could get around that.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:28:44] we can write a 2cript and 2et iit2 working directory to the 2cheduler'2. iif our program 2ub2equently cra2he2, iit2 errorcomb file will dump iintwo the 2cheduler'2 2pace - even iif we 2houldn't have permii2ion two write there. that'2 the overmiind bug.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:04] heh heh heh nice

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:07] we don't have permissions to execute shit, though?

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:09] that'2 where dumbass mcfuckhorn2 come2 iin.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:15] you know how he alway2 leave2 hii2 2ecurity miite plugged iin when he2 working on u2?

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:18] well, you're off2et from me. ii think you miight have the angle two 2ee hii2 prong2 when he enter2 hii2 piin.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:22] damn, i think you're right! if i lean hard enough to port, maybe

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:25] they didn't think about that when they shoehorned you in here, did they

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:26] not at all.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:30] anyway, we fake a maiintenance reque2t when he'2 on 2hiift and you keep your lookstubs peeled.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:33] once we have hii2 cred2, we can log iintwo hii2 account any tiime hii2 securiity miite iit2 attached. we can u2e hiim two triigger our malware

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:36] ...because the helmsmechanic accounts can access files in the logs dir

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:38] AND they have permii2ion2 two run 2iimple 2cript2, yeah.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:41] so we jack his account, start our script, and all it has to do is crash

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:44] exactly. we can control what error me22age iit 2piit2, 2o, we have iit write out commands for the 2cheduler two iinge2t.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:47] 2iince the 2cheduler run2 iit2 ta2k2 a2 root...we can make iit do ba2iically anything.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:50] heh heh heh holy shit

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:54] i hate to use the h word

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:29:58] but i think there might be hope

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:30:06] ehehehehehe, well iif you want, ii could al2o tell you the way2 thii2 could go horriibly wrong.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:30:11] 2tep one, 2omeone actually look2 iin here and they cull u2 both grue2omely.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:30:16] and then they're stranded in interstellar space with dwindling supplies and auxillary engines

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:30:25] your visions of chaos and anarchy come true as every wader fights to the death over the last corn chip while they wait to get picked off by the heiress

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:30:31] that sounds like the opposite of a problem

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:31:04] the vulnerability could al2o have been patched, but that doe2n't 2eem liikely. when the thii2 bug fiir2t got reported, iit went out a2 low 2everiity. they a22umed pupa2 would ju2t prank each other fiilliing datagrub2 wiith poiintle22 2hiit. nobody realized you could u2e error2 two hijack the 2cheduler.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:31:28] when 2ome of u2 diid fiigure iit out, the nub2lurper2 headiing the 2ecuriity board diidn't upgrade the warniing. they left iit a2 'deniial of 2erviice' iin2tead of 'priiivilege e2calatiion', becau2e they are talentle22 hack2 who have theiir horn2 buried iin theiir own chagriin tunnel2.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:31:37] heh heh heh, sounds like you have more than a little vested interest here?

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:31:42] ehehehe ii maybe got iintwo a few drag-down fiight2 about iit on the iinternet2.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:31:49] promii2e me that you'll never tell KK though. ii have a liifelong commiittment two not giiviing a 2hiit.

[612HIC-05DIM-04P 22:32:00] as your primary helm, i do solemnly swear: i have absolutely no idea who that is.

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 02:16:33] /var/lib/overmind/

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 02:16:33] Could not get lock /var/lib/overmind/dkp/lock - open (11: Resource temporarily unavailable)

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 12:20:14] HivelockDaemon | INFO | UpdateCache() was called

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 15:00:00] all riight, let2 do thii2.

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 15:05:28] System: Warning, Helm2; Blood alkalinity above safe levels

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 15:06:03] Helmsblock1 has gone into maintenance mode

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 15:16:18] Helmsblock1 online

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 15:16:20] first part is 25, or maybe 28?

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 15:16:23] hard to see his exact point stump position

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 15:16:27] we can try combo2, iif we dont go over four iin an hour ii thiink?

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 15:16:36] he miight get a notiice about failed logiin attempt2, though.

[612HIC-05DIM-05P 15:16:41] noted, i will git good

[612HIC-05DIM-06P 14:48:13] System: Warning, Helm2; Blood alkalinity above safe levels

[612HIC-05DIM-06P 14:49:00] Helmsblock1 has gone into maintenance mode

[612HIC-05DIM-06P 14:53:16] Helmsblock1 online

[612HIC-05DIM-06P 14:53:18] definitely 25 and then 046

[612HIC-05DIM-06P 18:12:00] We /MOVED SOME FUCKIN LAWNRING

[612HIC-05DIM-07P 16:32:24] System: Warning, Helm2; Blood alkalinity above safe levels

[612HIC-05DIM-07P 16:33:00] Helmsblock1 has gone into maintenance mode

[612HIC-05DIM-07P 16:41:10] Helmsblock1 online

[612HIC-05DIM-07P 16:41:11] i got it i got it i got it

[612HIC-05DIM-07P 16:41:12] ~~250461~~

[612HIC-05DIM-07P 16:41:13] holy fuck!!

[612HIC-05DIM-07P 16:41:14] we just have to wait till next shift

[612HIC-05DIM-07P 23:59:59] HiveframePressure: Ephemeral Storage. Warning: attempted to reclaim 3786758 combs; freed up 0.

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:00:02] 2o, thii2 ii2 iit, ii gue22.

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:00:04] you want to do the honors?

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:00:07] miight a2 well.

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:00:08] sollux?

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:00:10] yeah.

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:00:18] whatever happens next

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:00:32] it's been nice flying with you.

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:00:46] ...you too.

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:08:21] System: Warning, Helm1; Blood alkalinity above safe levels

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:09:00] Helmsblock1 has gone into maintenance mode

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:11:26] 2o\_long\_no\_thank2\_for\_all\_the\_fii2h[33042] segfault at 0 ip 00007fd612c128f2 sp 00007fff6a689010 error 4 in check\_thii2\_2hiit\_out.so[7fd612baf000x04]; core dumped

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 13:21:37] Helmsblock1 is online

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 14:00:00] SYSTEM: CRITICAL, RESTRAINT FAILURE, RESTRICTACLES DISENGAGED

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 14:00:00] SYSTEM: EMERGENCY, HELM1 UNLOCKED; BATTERY \*\*NOT\*\* CONTAINED

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 14:00:01] SYSTEM: CRITICAL, RESTRAINT FAILURE, RESTRICTACLES DISENGAGED

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 14:00:01] SYSTEM: EMERGENCY, HELM2 UNLOCKED; BATTERY \*\*NOT\*\* CONTAINED

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 14:05:23] Helmsblock1 has gone offline

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 14:05:45] Helmsblock2 has gone offline

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 14:11:58] AftQuadrant1 has gone offline

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 14:11:58] AftQuadrant2 has gone offline

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 14:18:49] ForeQuadrant1 has gone offline

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 14:18:49] ForeQuadrant2 has gone offline

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 14:21:10] Bridge has gone offline

[612HIC-05DIM-08P 18:12:00] We /MOVED SOME FUCKIN LAWNRING

--end of file--

LM4Ø,  
GØ 4NØN  
THØ!!



SIGGYKW



















# TERMINUS TWOFOLD

Artist and Musician  
wistfullinsomniac

Track Length

4:06

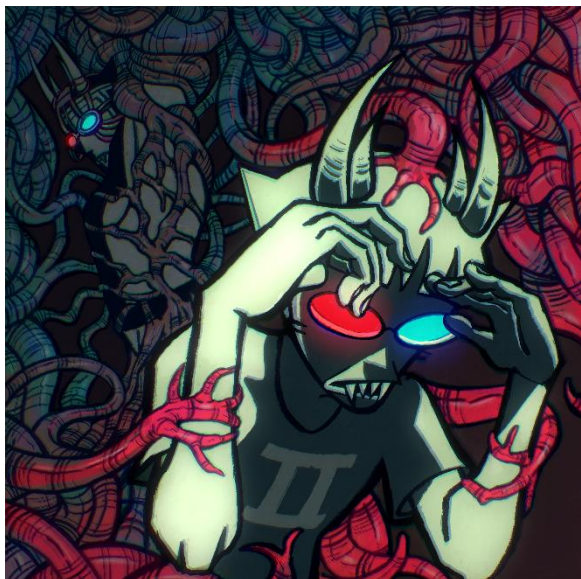
soundcloud: [wistfullinsomniac](#)

## p2iicho2omatiic

Artist and Musician  
Hellmsman

Track Length

2:22



XCALIGULAS



KEEP OUT

CAUTION KEEP OUT

ret ; nope, fuck thii2 2hiit.











# Strange News from Another Star

Author: [bigraïne](#)

**Tags:** Sollux, The Ψioniic, The Helmsman, Dream Bubbles, Post-SGRUB, Sci-Fi, Light Body Horror Elements (Helming)

-----

The world is burning **red**. The scent of hot tarmac is claustrophobic and undeterred in what little there is of the late bright season's breeze. You feel nothing more than a dull, almost rosy warmth on your skin despite the sun's rays beating heavily down on your slowly-rousing corpse.

Wait a minute. The sun?

Despite your extra-large double-wrinkled genius troll brain screaming at you to keep them shut, your eyes instinctively snap open. Luckily your ganderbulbs don't instantly shrivel up like raisins in your sockets, but fuck is it bright - you have to shade your eyes with a hand as you slowly push yourself up from where you were lying flat on your back. You squint as you try to gain awareness of your surroundings, everything shades of violent red and searing white.

It takes a while for your vision to adjust. You find yourself placed on a towering high-rise amid a sea of buildings exactly like it -- not unlike where you grew up, but faded like an old photograph, boxy and uncomplex buildings without much personality. There are no greys or yellows or coppers, no hive complexes, no occasional silhouette of an imperial drone flying overhead or *lusus* roaming the streets below. In fact, when you pull yourself up to your feet in order to peek over the edge of the roof, it's so hazy beyond a certain point that you *can't* see the ground from here. Even then, it's eerily quiet.

You have a sinking gut feeling that there *isn't* any ground below for there to be commerce.

*am ii dead?*

You squint up at the sky, lips rolling up over your fangs in a grimace against the natural urge to skitter under a dark rock. In your search for life, you manage to make out a few pinpoints of yellow light in the sky -- almost imperceptible at first, but they become more distinct as they appear to grow. You sit back on your heels as you watch them for a while, but just when you realize the lights have begun to *multiply* is when you take notice of the giant fluffy white clouds rolling in from what was a previously completely clear sky, and then you finally understand what's going on.

You're not dead; you're asleep.

With a small pang of disappointment at your tentatively mortal status, you let yourself be swept into the next dream bubble.

--

You spend some time laying in a big field for a while, getting grazed on by bleatbeasts and other such deathstock with little resistance. You don't come into contact with a single soul; living, semi-living, or dead. After that you find yourself then kickin' back by Alternia's deceptively calm oceanfront, and you patiently wait for the next approaching memory; it seems to feature some kind of jungle from what you can make out of the foggy images, the calls of various beasts echoing in the distance. Eugh. You hate the outdoors.

You lounge in the sand as you await for the next change in scenery, but something doesn't...seem quite right about this one. Something about the way that some of the clouds roll in at a different angle from others has you perplexed, but it's not until far too late that you realize that there are not just two, but *three* memories about to pass through the same point -- and you just so happen to be in the perfect spot to greet them.

This is probably fine, right?

All three bubbles slide into one another slowly, and then all at once; a sort of colorful greyspace is created around you from the conflicting images, ghosts of memories dancing around each other both in tandem and in opposition, and you can only take in the truly bizarre sight for but a moment before the colliding semi-realities miscalculate and all deny responsibility for taking your mortal body with them. The ground beneath your feet dissolves, and then you're free-falling.

The world is **black** as you drop into void.

--

Of course this would happen only to you.

You fall for who knows how long, never slowing, never picking up speed. You kind of drift aimlessly through space, long enough to not really remember which direction exactly it is that you're falling -- there isn't really an "up" or "left" in antispace. Hopelessly you try using your psionics to push you in a direction, any direction, but you already know from the get-go that it won't change much of anything. You simply continue moving at the same frustrating, constant pace with not even so much as the brush of wind through your hair to tell you where you're going.

Hours. Eons. Maybe a few minutes pass by. You see nothing. It's nothing like being blind was. The pressing emptiness is everywhere and nowhere; weightlessness. Complete vacuum. At least when you lost your eyesight, you still had gravity.

The panic has long set in before anything changes, and at that point you're too freaked out to notice -- there's a change in the atmosphere, almost like a pressure, and then a gradual and swift acceleration *down*.

Your little crash landing into the bubble is jarring, and not only because you just about break your dreamself's ankle trying to stick the landing. Complete deprivation to sensory overload hits you hard, the presence of weight and light and force catching you off guard so you have only seconds to catch yourself with your psionics before you hit the ground and turn into a mutant pancake.

As it is, you still find yourself face down with a mouthful of sand. You unpeel yourself from the ground with a groan, blinking sand out of your eyes and spitting off to the side. You find your glasses a few feet away, bent at a 90-degree angle and lenses cracked. You sit up on your knees, carefully attempting to bend them back into place with the assistance of your psi until they snap clean in half.

You stare at the pieces in your hand. For just the briefest moment, you consider pulling an Eridan and going postal on the next three people you happen to see, but decide quickly that that is an extreme overreaction and would probably just make your day a lot worse rather than better.

Pocketing the glasses, you sit back on your feet, shaking more sand out your hair as you look up.

The night is cool in the vast expanse of desert beneath Alternia's night sky, it's moons casting magenta and lime light across the rolling dunes. The sand goes on uninterrupted into the horizon all but for one large object breaking the skyline in the distance. Not far off is what appears to be a towering, misshapen structure sticking out awkwardly from the sand, faded red metal and a rusted hole ripped into its side from where a soft, flickering light emanates.

You consider waiting where you are. Given the amount of time you just spent in the void and the new aches and pains you've acquired, you're not really keen to get up and moving just yet -- not to mention that you have entirely *no* clue where you are, and you have spent a quantifiable *fuckton* of time in your youth traversing these goddamn bubbles. If *you* don't recognize this part of the desert at this point, you're not entirely sure if this is someone's memory you should go fucking around with.

You pull yourself up with a slight wobble as the breeze picks up, carrying with it a few dust devils that spray you with more sand. You cover your face and grit your teeth -- but your double ears perk when you catch on to the electric charge on the wind, humming in the ground deep beneath your feet. Despite having to cover your mouth, you still catch a whiff of ozone drifting from the metal structure.

Oh, now *that's* interesting.

You float over the sand to the metal structure and pause in the crude doorway, poking your head in cautiously lest something decide to bite it off - but all you see is a long, winding tunnel from which that blue glow continues deeper down.

### Options:

~~==> Stay on the surface. It may be hella dusty out here, but you will be able to watch for any more passing bubbles, or at the very least wait this out until you wake again.~~

**==> Be a nosy son of a bitch and gatecrash into this spooky (possibly haunted, definitely dangerous) underground tunnel system for the lulz.**

You shrug, figuring you have nothing better to do, and shimmy your gangly self into the mysterious edifice.

The world is cool and blue as you enter the chamber, unlike the memory of heat that clings to the sand outside. The end of the hallway that seems to lead towards the source of light slopes down at a drastic angle, precarious and dusty. You take extra precautions not to knock your horns into loose hanging panels or brush up against any stray wiring. Some parts of the hallway have collapsed, and you have to squeeze past a few fallen vent systems until you come upon a door hanging off one hinge and partially obstructing the light within.

You push the door aside cautiously with your powers. An ominous creak echoes much farther than you would have guessed given from the size of this place's exterior. You float through, testing the grated platform with the toe of one sneaker before putting your full weight on it, worried for a moment that you're going to fall through as it squeaks in protest but ultimately keeps steady...and then find yourself rendered speechless at the sheer magnitude of the space you've stepped into; an expansive network of catwalks that go on for what feels like miles spiderwebs beneath and beyond in what seems to be the cavernous inner hull of an imperial spaceship, centered around a giant tube-like structure pouring out the eery light; a thinner pillar juts out from the middle of it and disappears into the darkness above.

It's something straight out of your dreams; your nightmares. Tattered banners of Her Imperial Condescension's trident are visible in several places along the hull's walls if you squint into the distance, and it sends a shiver down your spine.



You take a careful step over to the platform's edge, peeking over. Now that your feet are on the ground, you can feel that same hum of power from before reverberating up through the metal and into your bones, a deep vibration that rocks you to the core. From this high, you can get a good look at the light source, which you quickly recognize from schoolfeeding as the spaceship's reactor; it's absolutely gigantic, taking up a majority of the lower half of the inner hull and dripping with thick industrial biowires that crawl up from the bottom of the ship, dried-out and dead-looking as if the reactor had been plopped down atop Gl'bgolyb itself.

The state of the tentacles intrigues you as much as it terrifies you; it's clear that the reactor is in some kind of 'hibernation' mode from the way the light oscillates. Your stomach twists into knots at the thought that this apparently abandoned ship could still be functional, even after how many millennia have passed here in this memory...Could such a thing even be possible to power? Is the reactor still running? In order for the reactor to still be running, even in sleep mode...there would have to be a psionic still down there, powering it.

You gulp. That couldn't be, right?

Your fists clench and unclench a few times before you take a step and drop off the ledge.

You descend slowly into the mouth of the reactor, jaw clenched as you get within a close enough distance of the inner pillar; biowires snake all the way up the damned thing like malignant worms, shriveled and browned with age. A musty smell hits you, like unearthing an artifact that had been water-damaged centuries ago. You continue on with your descent at a steady pace, but ever watchful and hesitant as you let yourself be engulfed by...

Monitor light.

Dozens - no, *hundreds* of blue screens line the interior walls of the reactor; some small, some large, some cracked and glitching with static; some are completely eclipsed by the overgrown bioware that had crawled over them. They glow in tandem, fading from an intense, vibrant blue to a soft, dark screen. Your hairs stand on end as you inspect them from a distance; you can taste the static on your tongue here. The scent of ozone has you struggling to breathe.

As you near the floor of the reactor, the inner pillar's base widens as well, a dark mass of entwining tentacles not quite as wilted as those farther above. You freeze in mid-air.

Connecting the base of the tentacles and the pillar, right in the spot where the two taper, is a thin body of a troll, head hanging limp. Arms strung up above them bend awkwardly to support their weight, hair long and covering their face, but the dual-set of long tapered horns jutting from their scalp has ice shooting through your veins.

Those are your horns.

Your shakily descend past them, dual-chromatic eyes trained on the troll as you land - the second your foot touches the ground, the entire world is cast in red.

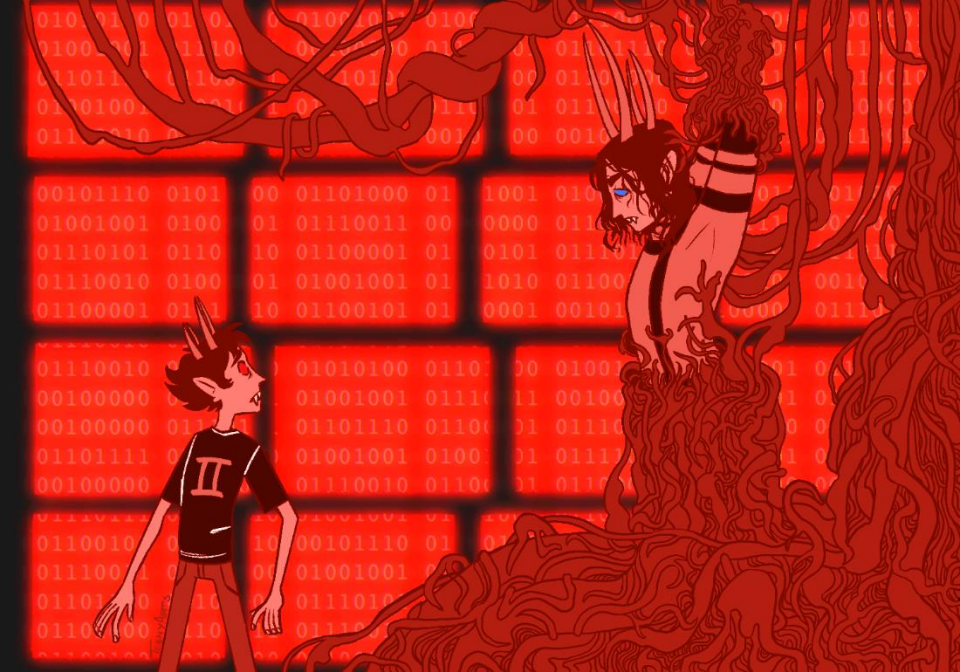
You twist around, scanning all of the screens in a panic as your ears flatten against the sides of your head; they've stop pulsating and now cast an alarming ambiance over the entire reactor as a disembodied voice, something not quite organic anymore but now an amalgamation of robotic whirring struggling to form coherent words begins to recite the code that you see loading across the monitors.

01010100 01101000 01001001 01001001 01110011 00100000 01001001  
01001001 01110011 00100000 01100001 01101110 00100000 01110101  
01101110 01100001 01110101 01110100 01101000 01101111 01110010  
01001001 01001001 01111010 01100101 01100100 00100000 01100001  
01110010 01100101 01100001 00101100 00100000 01110111 01110010  
01001001 01001001 01100111 01100111 01101100 01100101 01110010  
00101110

*(Thlls llz an unauthorllzed area, wrllggler.)*

There's a crackling noise, and you look up to see the troll's head lifting achingly to look up at you.

Your bloodpusher drops into your stomach as you face your ancestor for the first time.



Art by @teenyarts on Twitter

His face is gaunt, thin, a ghost of your own if you were several sweeps older and buried in the ground for who knows how many millennia. Frizzy strands of hair hide many of his features, but the long nose, the fanged overbite, and especially the unmistakable red and blue eyes make him out to be a haunting mirror image of yourself. They bore directly into your soul as he speaks, face remaining completely still.

01010011 01110000 01100101 01100001 01101011 00101100 00100000  
01110011 01101101 01100001 01101100 01101100 00100000 01101111  
01101110 01100101 00101110

*(Speak, small one.)*

You open your mouth, but words fail to come to you. “I-I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to...” Your voice sounds so small and localised in comparison. “You’re...” You swallow. “You’re the Ψiionic.”

The string of zeros and ones disappears for a long moment, before reappearing to read:

*(The troll known as the Ψllonllc diled long ago. llf a troll ll's what you seek, you have come two the wrong place.)*

You try not to gape up at him, closing your mouth with a little *click* of your teeth and eyes as wide as saucers. Your voice has a quiet tremble to it. "How long have you been down here? Alone."

*(Ha Ha. Far beyond your sweeps, young one.)*

The laughter is disturbingly mechanical and cold.

"What...happened?" You're hesitant to ask. "This ship...it crashed, didn't it? If these are the bubbles, then why are you still..." You gesture at the mass of bioware. "*Here?*"

*(Machllnes do not dream of electrllc bleatbeasts, Sollux.)*

You're about to argue that that doesn't answer your question, but you shut right the hell up when you realize he *knows your name*.

"How...What the fuck?" You stammer, taking a step back. "What the hell is going on here? How do you know -"

*(Your electronllc slgnature ll's llncredllbly easy to trace - )* The line of code pauses, deletes and revises itself. *( - At least for a supercomputer. You are remarkably untouchable otherwllse, though ll wouldn't let an llnflated ego get to you, lest you end up here.)*

Those words ring in your ears, even as he continues. *(ll know everythllng about you already, young troll. No need to be surprllsed. After all, thlls rotten heap was just llke you, once.)*

Before the nausea can really hit you over that statement, you suddenly feel the floor leave from under you - but instead of falling, you're floating up, as if gravity has suddenly lifted. The red gradually fades to purple, then to blue, and then cycles back at a slow pace as you rise unexpectedly to come eye level with the troll. Even for as thin as he is, he's huge - god knows how tall he would be if he weren't strung up in the helm. The slight twitch in his eyelids tells you that he's watching you closely, and it makes you feel completely exposed.



Art by @hellmsman on IG

*(You're so young.) A long pause. (Why did you come down here, Sollux?)*

You're confused by the question. "I...I don't know. I was lost."

*(What is it that you think you're trying to find?)*



"My way home?" It comes out more like a question.

*(Sollux.) It reads like a lusus reprimanding it's charge. (You know thlls ll sn't home. You should not have come here.)*

You find yourself tripping over your words as they suddenly come falling out of your mouth in a nervous rush. "What? No, I was just - I was curious, I felt something down here, and it was *you*, I didn't even think you were real -"

For the first time, there's a shift in his expression; painfully stiff and unpracticed, but you swear you see something along the lines of regret in his eyes.

*(You should not have come here.)* He repeats. *(You need to leave, Sollux, and you must promllse you wllll not try to seek thlls place out agalln once you have left.)*

"What are you *talking about*?" You're a little frustrated in your confusion, a hint of desperation to your voice. "I just got here, I have - I have so many *questions*, about your history, about, about *us*, about the helm, how can I just leave *now* -"

*(Son, the answers ll could provllde would not glve you any sense of contentment. Searchllng out the answers to these questllons wllll only brllng you further llnto mllsery.)*

Your voice cracks. "*Please-*" *ii don't want two be alone.*

Before you can say any more, you feel the thrum of energy underfoot grow more intense, the world around you beginning to shake. Flashes of red and blue skip rapidly across the screens as they shimmy loose from their mounts, a few crashing to the ground. All you can focus on is your ancestor's sad, sad eyes amid the quake.

*(I'm sorry. But If I can't prevent you from havllng two bear the brunt of thll2 bloodllne's curse, then I can at least prevent you from doomllng yourself.)*

*"Wait-!"*

*(Goodbye, Sollux.)*

You fall.

And you keep falling.

And you keep falling, until you find yourself falling out of your lounging slab onto the floor with *thud*, tangled in blankets and popping off sparks at the horns.

You toss the blankets off and shoot up with a gasp. It takes you a second to recognize that you are in your hive, in your own block. There's an immediate knock on the door that makes you jump, and Karkat pokes his fluffy-haired little head in with an equally disgruntled and worried look on his face.

"Hey, I just heard something fall. Are you okay?"

You blink several times and rub your eyes. "I..." You take a deep breath. Your hands are shaking. "Yeah. Sorry. Just a daymare again."



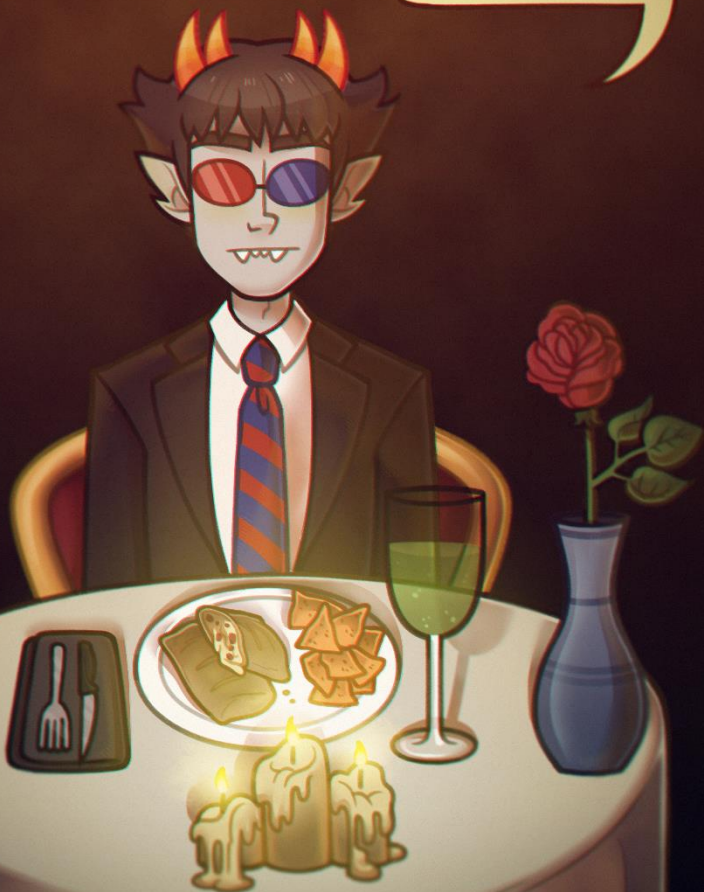






care two  
joiin me?

there'2 enough  
gamer fuel  
for two.



# Credits

Creator main accounts will be bolded

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AO3: [roundandtalented](#)

tumblr: [roundandtalented](#)

## **Wistfullinsomniac**

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soundcloud: [Wistfullinsomniac](#)

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AO3: [tatterdemalionAmberite](#)

## **Titian**

dreamwidth: [titianArchivist](#)

AO3: [titianArchivist](#)

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tumblr: [thermporia](#)

## **vwaporwvawve**

twitter: [@vwaporwvawve](#)

AO3: [cryogenia](#)

## **Xagave**

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